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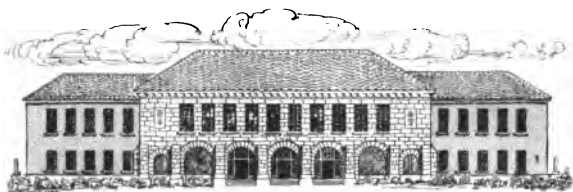
BOOK ONE

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

SARAH E. SPRAGUE

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING CO



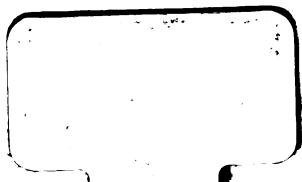


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The
Sprague Classic Readers

BOOK ONE

A PRIMER

BY

SARAH E. SPRAGUE, Ph. D.

I love God and every little child.

—Jean Paul Richter.

Educational Publishing Company

Boston

New York

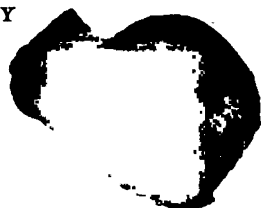
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1902





TO the loving little band
of nephews and nieces
and their myriad comrades
—near and far away—who
are just setting out in search
of that alluring Wonderland
to which a child's primer
forms the magic portal, this
series of readers is most
affectionately inscribed by
their lifelong friend,

THE AUTHOR.

September,
1902.

FOREWORD.

Dear Friends: — In all the wide universe of beauty, there is nothing so transcendently beautiful as the joyous, natural awakening and development of child nature. It is our happy privilege so to interpret life to the little child that he may assimilate from it only what is good and pure and true; ours to put him in harmony with his every-day environment; to help him understand and love nature; to teach him to appreciate and respond to what is truest and best in music, in pictures, in books and in people.

To accomplish these ends easily and without loss of nervous energy, the child must be kept supplied with happy interests for head, hand, and heart, pursuing none of these, however, to that dangerous fatigue point which is the sure outcome of the forcing process and as surely fatal to all healthy growth. Realizing the full significance of these facts, the writer, in preparing this little volume, has been content to walk hand in hand with the child, sharing his simplest pleasures, keeping, for the most part, in dear, familiar pathways, stopping often by the wayside to pluck a well-known flower or to listen to the song of some familiar bird. The child has alternately led and been led. The uncertain little feet have been guided to higher levels by steps both easy and pleasant. There has been no undue straining after quick results and there has been no loss of that fullness of joy which belongs to the child by divine right. The primer goes into your hands as a labor of love and with the hope that it may be helpful to you and to the little ones in your charge.

Cordially yours,

SARAH E. SPRAGUE.

PREFACE.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL BASIS of this primer may be found in the following fundamental laws of child nature:—Joy is an integral part of normal childhood. Activity is a necessity of child life. Frequent change—of a pleasing character—is indispensable to healthy development and growth. The forcing process is destructive to mental power. Play is the natural outlet for the inherent dramatic instinct of the happy, unfettered child. Love is the only force to which child nature really yields.

Every normal child is a passionate lover of music, of rhythm, of color, form and motion. These are the highest stimulants to his imagination, and through these, his varied emotions find their truest expression. These also—because they arouse and hold his interest—are of unequalled value in strengthening the powers of attention and retention.

In the above may be found the underlying thought and motive of THE PLAN. The expansion of the plan depends also upon the following facts:—No teacher needs to make learning to read a task to the child. Happiness should be an inseparable part of the child's work as well as of his play. Both his work and his play should be so wisely directed as to leave the child the feeling of perfect freedom. The mind of the child should be kept so full of purity as to leave no room for evil. As the craving for rhythmic effects precedes the child's power to grasp the full import of words, he should have many easy rhymes before he attempts the higher forms of verse. These should both precede and accompany his early lessons in reading.

PRIMER CHARACTERISTICS. The primer should be a decided factor in developing a genuine love of nature and in creating an abiding preference for what is best in people, in pictures, in music and in literature.

It should also be an index of all that fills the child's hours at school. It should indicate reading methods, but not dogmatize. As the primer's limits are soon reached, the teacher needs to strengthen, vivify and expand all its lines of work. The primer should be a reading book. Mere lists of words are out of place. They waste the reading space and are an insult to the teacher's intelligence. The vocabulary should be carefully chosen, thoroughly graded and as ample as the average child can use intelligently.

SEAT WORK OR HAND WORK. It affords a child the keenest pleasure to turn his restless activities into a useful channel. This gives his vague impressions a tangible form, calls into use the creative faculty and puts him into closer touch with the adult world. Thus his dignity and his ambition are satisfied. Moreover, the child's attempts to express, with his hand, the thought gained from his reading lesson, clearly show possible weaknesses therein and prove that suitable hand work is a valuable adjunct to such lessons. Only the simplest hand work is indicated in this book, but may be added to at the pleasure of the teacher. Much of this work should be done at the blackboard or work table.

METHODS. Before the child can read independently, he must gain the following:—Power to grasp the thought and feeling expressed by the sentences. Instantaneous recognition of common words and phrases. A practical knowledge of phonetic elements. Instantaneous recognition of the script and Roman alphabets. The power to read aloud or to translate into action, in a correct and pleasing manner, what has been gained, silently, from the sentences. Hence, the author would advise, in general, a wise combination of the best features of all standard methods—Thought, Word, Action, Phonic and Sentence—discriminating so as best to meet the needs of the individual school or individual child.

EXPLANATORY.—PAGES 8 AND 9. If possible, have white daisies present and arouse interest by an examination of them. Otherwise call

attention at once to the picture. By kindly, informal questioning, draw out phrases and sentences on page 9. Verify by having child show objects in picture. Teach new words by using blackboard as well as book. Finally, have lesson read as a unit. Then assign seat work. In all subsequent lessons, interest may be gained and new words and phrases taught in similar way. Never allow child to try to read new lesson till this has been done. Work with enthusiasm, but without hurry. Give phonic drills as needed.

PAGES 14, 15, 16, 17. Materials needed: Flag, building blocks and table. Children number to ten. Cuts indicate steps in dramatization. Teach figures with names of numerals. Afterward, use these pages for reading lesson. Easy dramatizations with little or no help may be worked out by the class for many of the subsequent lessons. For example, see pages 28 and 29, 30 and 31, 40 and 41, etc. Such exercises lend interest, deepen impressions and remove self-consciousness.

PAGE 22. Sing this to some simple melody and accompany with appropriate gestures. Afterward, use for reading lesson.

PAGES 36 AND 37. Teach this song now or earlier, as preferred. Accompany by graceful gestures. Later, use for reading lesson.

PAGES 64 AND 65. Teach here or earlier. Designate one half of class as "sunbeams," other half as "shadows." Cuts suggest method of use. Much better if sung to some cheery melody, or accompanied by march music in "double-quick" time.

PAGES 86 AND 87. Have children model objects shown in these cuts.

PAGES 95 AND 96. Explain relationship of king, queen, prince and princess and that "Baby Stuart" was little son of King Charles I. Also tell class about the artist, Van Dyck. See "Great Artists," Ed. Pub. Co.

PAGES 97 AND 98. Recall information given with pages 95 and 96. Explain that "Good morrow" was once a common form of greeting.

NOTE. For prismatic colors and alphabets, see pages 6 and 7.



ALPHABETS.



A a A a H h H h

B b B b I i I i

C c C c J j J j

D d D d K k K k

E e E e L l L l

F f F f M m M m

G g G g N n N n





ALPHABETS.

O o O o U u U u

P p P p V v V v

Q q Q q W w W w

R r R r X x X x

S s S s Y y Y y

T t T t Z z Z z





LITTLE ANNA.

WHAT DO YOU SEE? *

little white daisies

chicks I see white hen

Anna's little chicks

I see little Anna.

I see Anna's white hen.

I see Anna's little chicks.

I see Anna's daisies.

(Seat work. Make with splints or brush.)

A N N A

* See preface.

LITTLE ANNA'S DAISIES.

the little daisies

the white daisies

Anna has pretty

the pretty daisies

pretty little white daisies.

Little Anna has daisies.

Anna has white daisies.

(Seat work. Make with splints or brush.)

WHITE



See the white daisies.

Has Anna the daisies?

Anna has white daisies.

I see the pretty daisies.

I see little Anna's daisies.

Pretty little white daisies!

LITTLE HELEN.

This is too Helen
a pretty little girl
little girl Is this

See this little girl.
Is this little Anna?
This is little Helen;
pretty little Helen.

(Seat work. Make with splints or brush.)

HELEN



Little Helen is pretty.
Little Anna is pretty, too.
Anna has little daisies.
Helen has daisies, too.
Has Helen white daisies?

A DRAMATIZATION — (Number.)*

(Use, also, for word and phrase drill.)



1

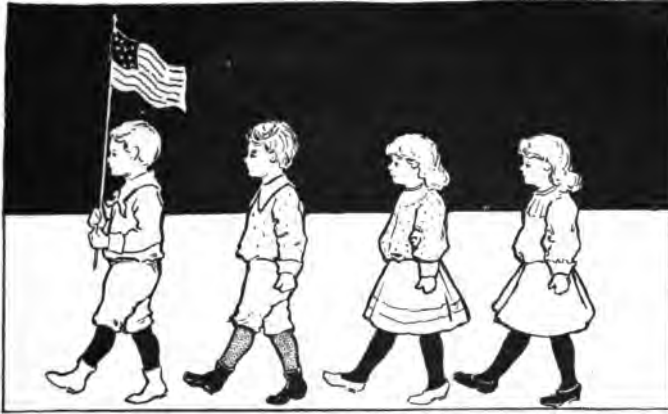
One, two,

2

How do you do?

One, two.

* See preface.



3 Three, four, 4
March before.

Three, four.



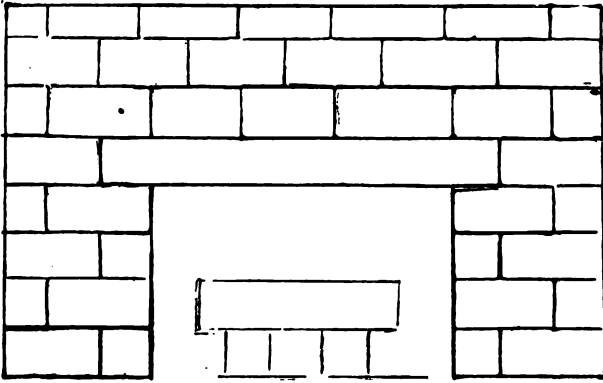
5

Five, six,

6

Bring the bricks.

Five, six.



7

Seven, eight,

8

Build a grate.



9

Nine, ten,

10

Off again!

HELEN'S DAISIES.

are yellow these

little yellow daisies

Helen's yellow daisies

not these are

Are these daisies?

Are these white daisies?

Are these Anna's daisies?

(Seat work. Make with seeds or brush.)

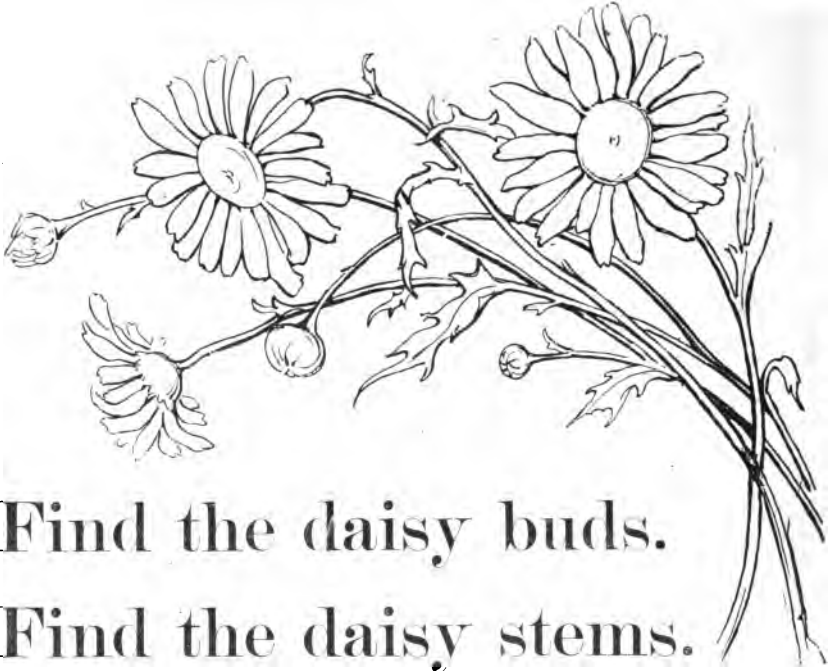
YELLOW



See the yellow daisies.
The daisies are Helen's.
Anna has white daisies.
Yellow daisies are pretty.
The little white daisies
are pretty, too.

PICTURE STUDY.

(Drill on new words hereafter as in previous lessons.)



Find the daisy buds.

Find the daisy stems.

Find the daisy blossoms.

Count all the blossoms.

Count all the buds.

Yellow daisies have
yellow crowns.

White daisies have
white crowns.

These crowns are pretty.

All the stems are green.

All the leaves are green.

Little Helen's daisies
have yellow crowns.

Little Anna's daisies
have white crowns.

FINGER PLAY.

(Use, also, for word and phrase drill.)*



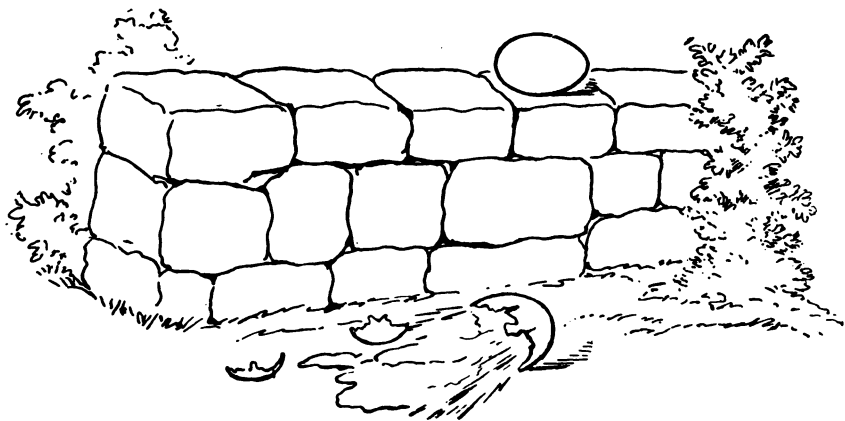
Busy men, busy men,
Are the baby's fingers ten.
Now they stand very high,
Pointing straight to the sky;
Now they bend very low,
Showing four in a row;
And the thumbkins we hide,
Safe as can be inside.

* See preface.

A MOTHER GOOSE RIDDLE.

“Humpty Dumpty
Sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty
Had a great fall.

All the king’s horses
And all the king’s men,
Couldn’t put Humpty Dumpty
Back there again.”



THE WHITE CHICKENS.



Count these little chickens.

. One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight, nine, ten —
ten little chickens;
ten pretty chickens;
ten pretty, little,
white chickens.

One little, two little,
Three little chickens;
Four little, five little,
Six little chickens;
Seven little, eight little,
Nine little chickens;
Ten little chickens white!

Are they Anna's chicks?
Are they not the hen's chicks?
What does Anna say?
What does the white hen say?
Anna says: "My little chicks."

The white hen says: "No, no.
They are my chicks—
my pretty chicks."

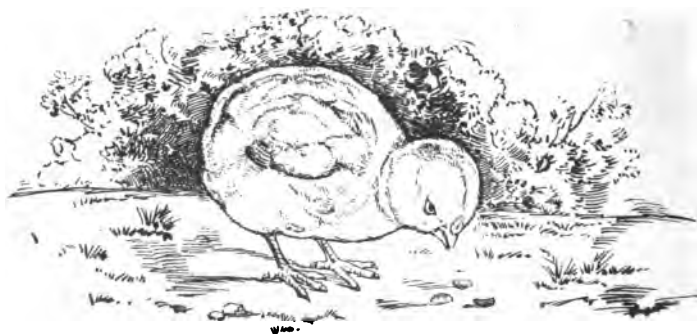
What do the chicks say?

Who knows best?

The white hen knows best.

The white hen is the mother.

And mothers know best.



ACTION SENTENCES.

(Read silently. Follow by action.)

1.

Count "One, two, three."

Count "Four, five, six."

Count "Seven, eight, nine."

Count "Seven, eight, nine, ten."

2.

Count to three.

Count to four.

Count to five.

Count to six.

3.

Count the white buds.

Count the white blossoms.

Count the yellow daisies.

Count the yellow buds.

THE ANGRY LITTLE PUSSIES.



Angry little pussies,
One, two, and three,
Angry little pussies,
What do you see?

Said the angry pussies,
One, two, and three,
“There’s a very rude dog;
That’s what we see!”

THE HAPPY LITTLE PUSSIES.



Happy little pussies,

All in a row,

What has made you happy,

I should like to know?

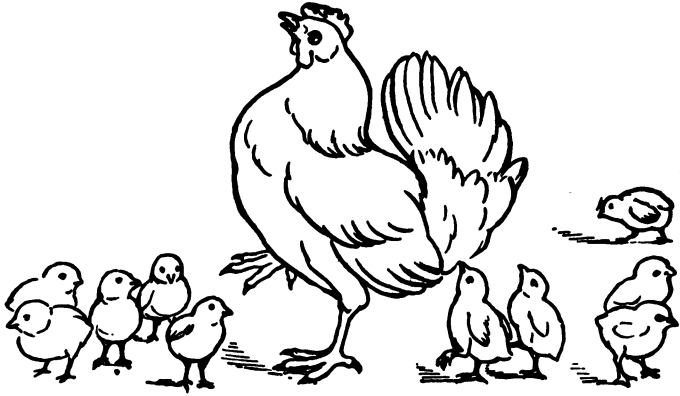
“We are happy pussies,”

Said one, two, three,

‘For that very rude dog

Ran away, you see!”

THE WHITE HEN'S CHICKS.



See my little chicks.

Do you know their names?

One is Puffy; one is Fluffy;
and one is Tiny.

I have not named the others.

You may name the others.

Can you count my chicks?

I can not count as you do.

Cluck! Cluck! Good bye.

I must go now. Come, chicks.

Come, Puffy; come, Fluffy;

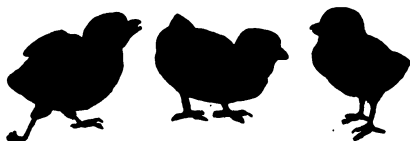
and come, Tiny.

Come, little chicks, come!

Come with mother.

Mother says come now!

(Paper cutting for seat work.)



WORD STUDIES.

(Seat work. Copy words and pictures.)

Apple: an apple.



Bee: a bee.



Cat: the cat.



Dog: the dog.



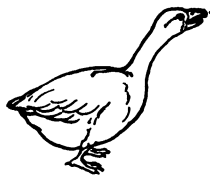
Eye: an eye.



Flag: my flag.



Goose: a goose.



Hat: my hat.



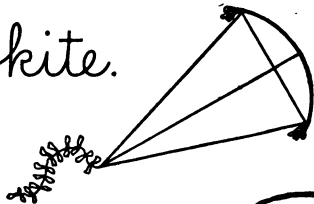
Ink: ink-stand.



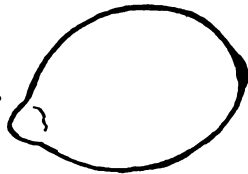
Jug: the jug.



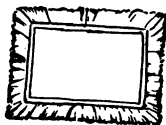
Kite: my kite.



Lemon: a lemon.



Mat: my mat.



SPORT AND ROGER.



Do you see us?

I am Sport.

This is Roger.

He is a baby.

I am his dog.

I love Roger.

Roger loves
me, too.

I can run fast. I can jump, too.

A baby can not run or jump.

I take good care of Roger.

Will you be good to Roger?

Then I will be good to you.

CAN'T YOU TALK?

— *Holmes.*

Can't you talk, doggie?

Can't you talk to me?

I love you, doggie.

Do you love me?

Poor old doggie! You can't talk.

But I know you love me.

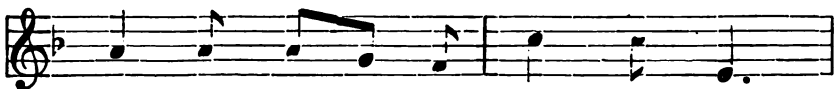
BABYKIN AND THE BALL.*

SARAH E. SPRAGUE.

G. A. GRANT-SCHAEFER.

Rhythmically.

Here is Ba-by-kin's gay lit-tle ball;



See how round, and soft, and small;



She shall roll it and roll it to me,



While I count now "one, two, three!"



O-ver and o-ver, a-cross the floor,



O-ver and o-ver a-gain once more.

* See preface.



Back to Babykin, now roll the ball,
To her hands so soft and small;
Now, dear Babykin, toss it on high!
Make it like a birdie fly,
Over and over, across the floor,
Over and over again, once more.

Catch it, Babykin, gay little ball!
Catch the ball so round and small.
Throw it, Babykin! There, let it go,
Far as baby hands can throw,
Over and over, across the floor,
Over and over again, once more!

BABY'S DOG FLASH.



Oh, I am so happy!

Our baby has come home.

I am the baby's dog, Flash.

Our baby can not walk.

Our baby can not talk.

But he can sit up.

Do you know our baby?

I take care of him.

He loves little dog Flash.

One day the baby went away.

He went on the cars.

I was not happy that day.

I ran after the cars.

Oh, I ran, and ran, and ran!

But I did not get the baby.

Do you like the cars? I do not.

They took the baby away.

I am as happy as I can be now.

Our baby has come home—

our dear, dear baby!

MAX AND JOE.



Good morning, Max.

How do you do, Joe?

Can you two boys run?

Will you run a race?

Run to that tree and back.

I will count for you.

THE RACE.



One, two, three!

Boys, get ready.

Run to the tree,

And back to me.

Run, Max, and run, Joe!

Now; one, two, three, GO!

ACTION SENTENCES.

(Read silently. Follow by action.)

1.

Name a white flower.

Name a little girl.

Name a yellow flower.

Name a little boy.

What is your name?

What is my name?

2.

Say, "Good morning."

Say, "Good night."

Say, "How do you do?"

Say, "I am good."

Say, "I am happy."

Say, "Good bye."

THE SWING.



How do you like to go up
in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest
thing
Ever a child can do!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*
(*Abridged.*)

WORD STUDIES.

(Scat work. Copy words and pictures.)

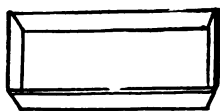
Nut: the nut.



Owl: an owl.



Pan: my pan.



Quail: a quail.



Rat: the rat.



Spade: my spade.

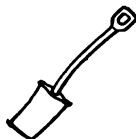
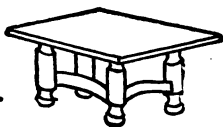


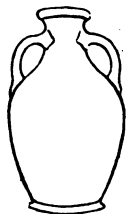
Table: the table.



Uncle: my uncle.



Vase: a vase.



Watch: the watch.



X: the letter.




Yacht: our yacht.




Zebra: the zebra.




THE BROWNIES' SEE-SAW.



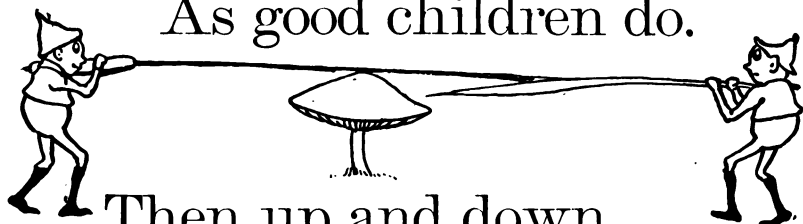
Said Brownie One,
To wee Brownie Two,
“I’d like to see-saw
As good children do.”

“Well, Brownie One,”
Said wee Brownie Two,
“Bring me a toad-stool,
And a cat-tail, too.”

“Balance these two,
Now dear Brownie One,
And quick as a flash,
Our see-saw is done.”



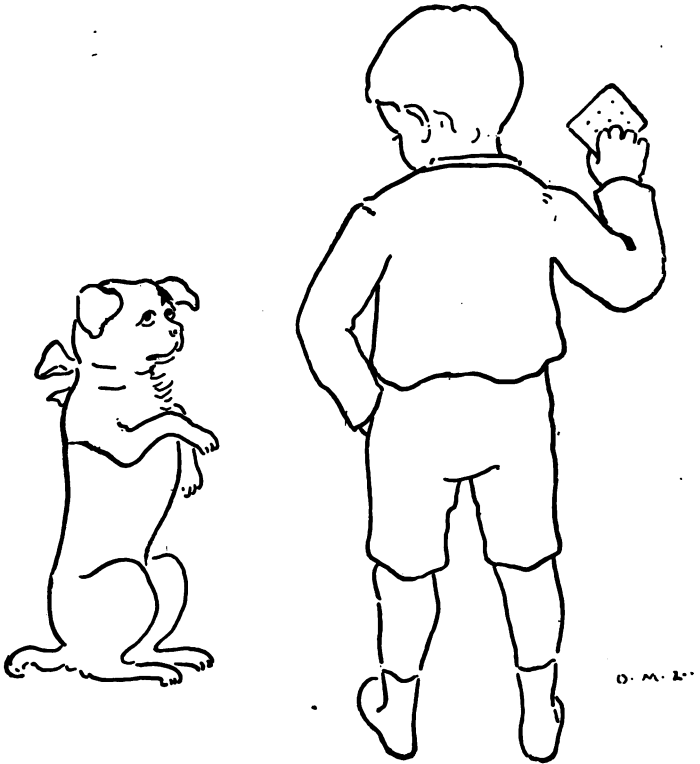
So Brownie One,
And wee Brownie Two,
Balanced the see-saw,
As good children do.



Then up and down,
Went these brownies two,
For the toad-stool was strong,
And the cat-tail, too!



FRANK AND TIPTOP.



Are you a little boy?
This is our boy, Frank.
His dog's name is Tiptop.

Tiptop can run fast;
 and he can jump.
He can sit up and beg.
Frank says: "Sit up, sir;
 sit up. Beg, sir, beg!"
Then Tiptop sits up
 as you see him now.
Tiptop can shake hands.
When he shakes hands
 or sits up, Frank says:
"Good Tiptop! good dog!"
Do you love dogs?
Boys love good dogs;
 and dogs love good boys.

THE STORY OF THE BLACK HEN.

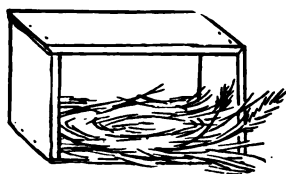
(Seat work. Picture with brush or pencil.)



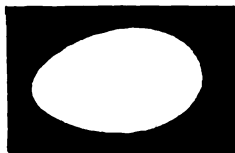
This is

the black hen.

This is the nest



For the black hen made.



This is the egg

That the black hen laid.

This is the chick

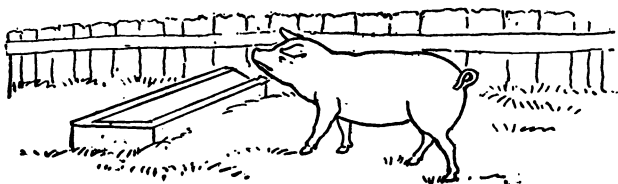


That came from the egg

That was laid in the nest

For the black hen made.

WHAT PIGGY WHITE WANTS.



Wee, wee! Wee, wee!

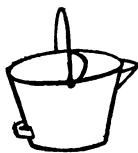
I am Piggy White.

I want the boy that feeds me.

Where can he be?

I am hungry.

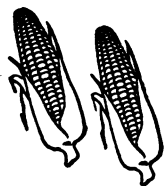
It is dinner time.



(Draw)

I want some milk.

I want my dinner.



(Draw)

I want some corn.

I want some apples.



(Draw)

I want some potatoes.

Corn makes me grow.

Milk makes me grow.

Potatoes make me grow.

Apples make me grow.

I am a little pig now.

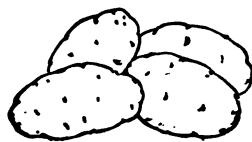
I want to be a big, BIG pig.

Oh, I am so hungry!

Where is the boy that feeds me?

Do you see that boy?

Tell him to feed Piggy White.



(Draw)

(Seat work. Make with splints or brush.)

LITTLE

GRANDFATHER LONG LEGS.



Grandfather Long Legs,
Without tooth or tongue,
Now point your finger,
If I am wanted home!

— *Folk Lore Rhyme.*

POOR LITTLE BIRDIE.



Poor little birdie,
out in the snow,

No one to feed you,
nowhere to go!

What will you do
to get out of the storm?

Where will you go
to get yourself warm?

I'll open the window
and throw you a crumb,

And open the door, too,
if you will but come!

Poor little birdie,
out in the snow,

No one to feed you,
nowhere to go!

WHAT GRANDFATHER LONG LEGS SAYS.

Why do the children call me

“Grandfather Long Legs?”

I am not their grandfather!

Is it polite to talk of my long legs?

I have seen longer legs than mine!

Why do they say,

“without tooth or tongue?”

Is it polite to talk to me so?

Why do they ask me

to point my finger?

How can I tell

if they are “wanted home?”

They take me up by one leg.

I do not like that at all.

Please ask them to be kinder to me!

TWO WAYS.

Lady Bug, Lady Bug,
Fly away home!
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

— *Folk Lore Rhyme.*



Lady Bug, Lady Bug,
Fly away, do;
Fly to the mountain
And feed upon dew;
Feed upon dew,
And sleep on a rug,
And then run away
Like a good little bug!

— *Chinese Nursery Rhyme.*



LADY BUG.

Little maiden, have you seen Lady Bug?

Does she feed upon dew?

Does she sleep on a rug?

What do you say to poor Lady Bug?

Do you say, "Your house is on fire?"

Do you say, "Your children will burn?"

Do you say, "Fly away home?"

Do you say, "Fly to the mountain?"

Each flower holds up

A little cup,

To catch the rain and dew;

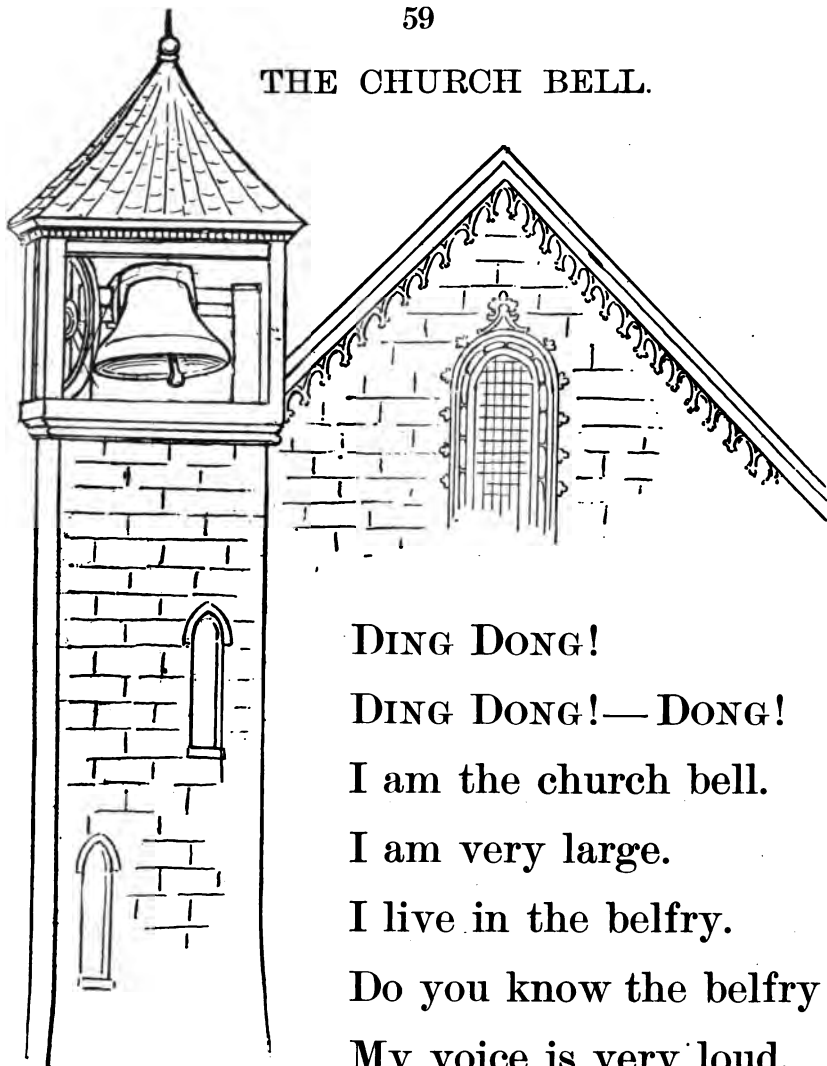
The drink of flowers,

That comes in showers,

Is just the drink for you.

— *Unknown.*

THE CHURCH BELL.



DING DONG!

DING DONG!—DONG!

I am the church bell.

I am very large.

I live in the belfry.

Do you know the belfry?

My voice is very loud.

It is very sweet, too.

Do you know my voice?

Do you know me from other bells?

I call you to church.

I want you to hear me.

You can hear me a long, long way.

I speak to you often.

I speak to you most often on Sunday.

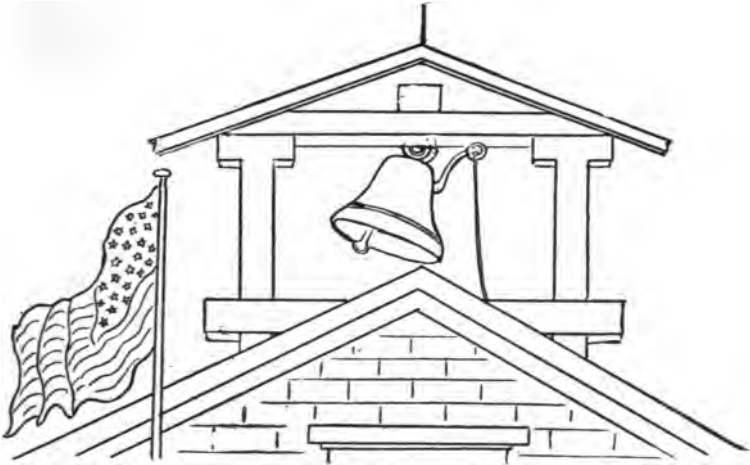
What do I say to you, little boy?

What do I say to you, little girl?

This is what I try to say:—

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ; Praise him, all
 creatures here be - low ; Praise him a - bove ye
 heavenly host ; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

THE SCHOOL BELL.



DING DONG! DING DONG!—DING!

I am the school bell.

I live in a belfry, too.

You all know my voice.

It is very loud and very clear.

You can hear me a long way.

I call you to school.

**I speak to you on five days
of the week.**

Here are their names—Monday, Tuesday,

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

On Saturday and Sunday I am still.

Why do I not call you then?

What do I say to you, children?

“Come, children. Come, come, come!

It is school time, children.

You must not be late.

Never, never, be late at school.

Come to school! Come to school!

Hurry, children! Hurry! Hurry!

O, hear! O, hear!

So sweet, so clear!

Come here, my dear!

My dear, come here!”

This is what I say, over and over.



O.M.L.



THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

Sunday

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday

How many days in a week?

Name the first day of the week.

Name the second day.

What is the third day?

What is the fourth day?

Name the fifth day.

Name the sixth day.

What is the seventh day?

first

second

third

fourth

fifth

sixth

seventh

SUNBEAMS AND SHADOWS.*

(Game for dark days.)



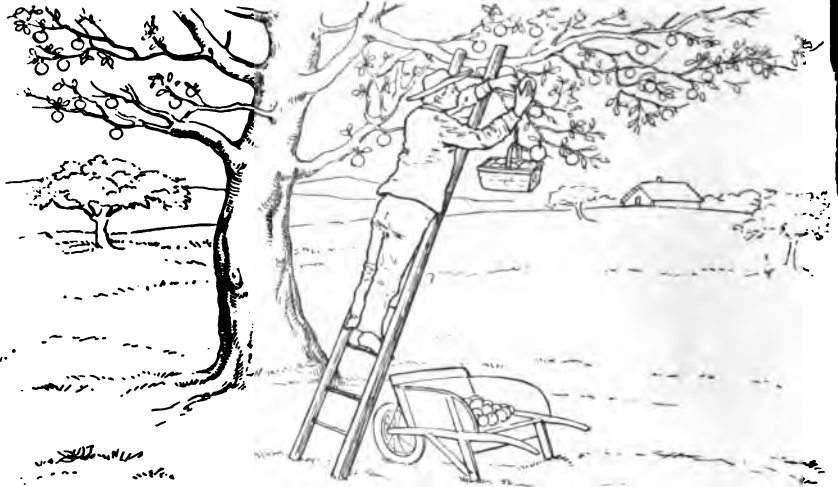
This is the way the sunbeams go,
Back and forth, and to and fro,
Up and down, and round about,
Just to drive the shadows out;
Just to drive the shadows out,
Up and down, and round about,
Back and forth, and to and fro,
This is the way the sunbeams go!

* See preface.

This is the way the shadows flee,
From the corners, don't you see?
Racing and chasing o'er the floor,
Till they reach the open door;
Till they reach the open door,
Racing and chasing o'er the floor,
From the corners, don't you see?
This is the way the shadows flee!



THE APPLE HARVEST.



The farmer picks his apples now.

There are apples to sell,

And apples to dry;

Apples to bake,

And apples for pie.

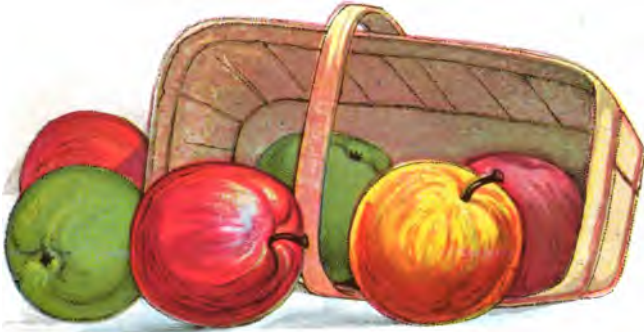
Red apples, yellow apples,

sweet apples, sour apples —

apples big and apples small!

All are ready to harvest.

APPLES TO SELL.



Apples to sell! Apples to sell!
Who will buy? Who will buy?
Red apples! Yellow apples!
Sweet apples! Sour apples!
Fall apples! Winter apples!
Apples to eat! Apples for pie!
Apples to sell! Who is to buy?



THE MADONNA.

— C. Von Bodenhausen.

ONLY ONE MOTHER.

(To be memorized.)

“Hundreds of stars
 in the silent sky,
Hundreds of shells
 on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds
 that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees
 in the sunny weather;
Hundreds of dewdrops
 to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs
 in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies
 on the lawn —
But only one mother
 the wide world over.”

— *Selected.*

WHAT THE SNOWFLAKES SAY.



Down we come! Down we come!

Hurry, hurry, flurry, flurry!

Do you know us?

Are we white feathers?

Are we white wool?

No; not feathers and not wool!



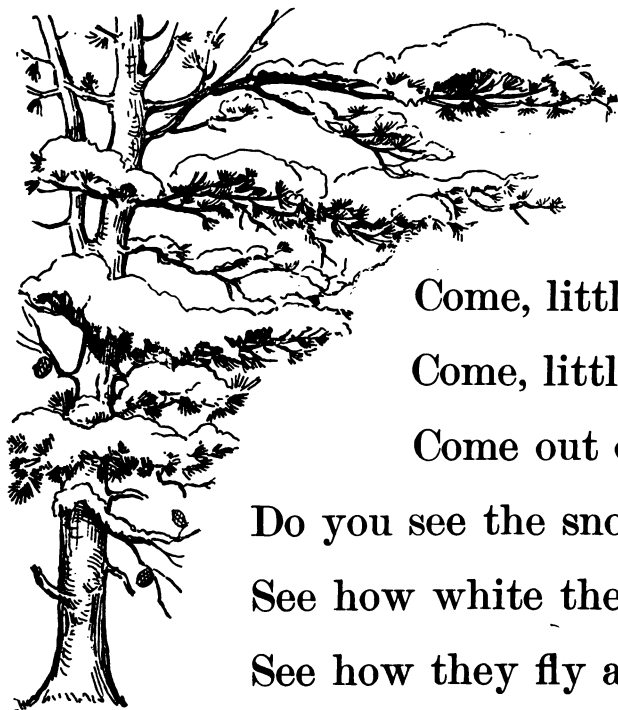
We are snowflakes.

Call the little boys!



Call the little girls!

They know us and they like us.



WHAT
PAPA
SAYS.

Come, little boys.

Come, little girls.

Come out of doors!

Do you see the snowflakes?

See how white they are.

See how they fly about.

“Come out, come out, come out,” they say;

“Come out, come out, come out to play.”

Hurry, boys! Hurry, girls!



WHAT MAMMA SAYS.

Where is Max? Where is Joe?
Please get little Roger's sled.
We will take Roger out with us.
It does not snow now.
Where are your mittens, Helen?
And where are Anna's mittens?
Where is your cap, Joe?
Roger, let me button your coat.
Do you want to go, too, Sport?
Will you draw Roger's sled?
Button up your coats, children.
All ready, Captain Max?
Now let us go.

*"God giveth His snow like wool,
Soft and white and beautiful."*

WHAT CAPTAIN MAX SAYS.



Hurrah for the snow! Hurrah!

See how soft it is.

Just right for snowballs!

Just right for a snow man!

Just right for a snow fort!

Now for the snowballs!

Make good ones, Helen.

Make round ones, Anna.

Not too hard, Joe!

Papa says, "Not too hard

when the girls play."

How do you like this, Mamma?

Isn't this fun, little Roger?

Take care, Sport! Take care, sir!

To-morrow we will make a snow man.

To-morrow we will make a snow fort.

Will you name the snow man, Mamma?

Now we will make a great snowball

for Papa to see to-night.

LULLABY.



Gold - en slum - bers kiss your eyes,



Smiles a - wait you when you rise;



Sleep, lit - tle darling, do not cry, And I will






sing a lul - la - by, And I will sing a







lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by.



TEN LITTLE RABBITS.



1.  One little rabbit,
under a tree,
Called to the others: "Come
and find me!"

2.  Two little rabbits
found Rabbit One
Jumping and running;
Oh, what fun! 


3.  Three little rabbits
found Rabbit Four,
Nibbling some clover,
by the barn door. 

4.  Four little rabbits
took Rabbit Five,
In a cabbage coach,
for a long drive! 


5.  Five little rabbits
showed Rabbit Six,
In jumping and running,
many new tricks! 

6.  Six little rabbits,
that happy day,
Got Rabbit Seven to come
out to play. 

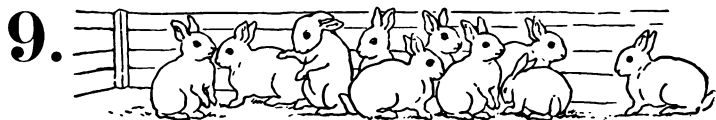


Seven little rabbits
 ran through a gate,
 Into a cabbage field, 
 and found Rabbit Eight.

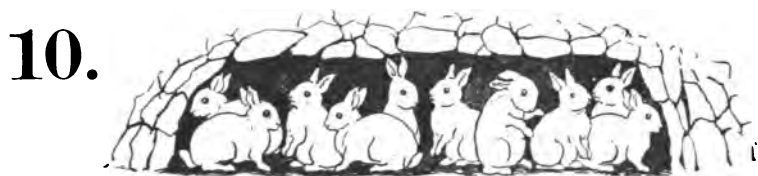


Eight little rabbits
 heard a dog whine,
 And ran like mad 
 to tell Rabbit Nine!

I. II. III. IV. V.



Nine little rabbits
hid in a pen,
Away from the dog, beside
Rabbit Ten!



Ten little rabbits, hidden out
of sight,
Went fast asleep, and slept
all night!

VI. VII. VIII. IX. X.

THE BLUEBIRD.

A bit of sky
To make a coat;

A rosy vest
And rounded throat;
A silver tint
In tail and wing;
A joyous song
About the spring.



“Daffydowndilly has come up to town,
In a yellow bonnet and a green gown.”

WHAT BIRD AM I?

I am a song bird.

I come in the spring.

Daffydowndilly comes with me.

She has a yellow bonnet

and a green gown.

I have a full, rounded throat.

My throat is full of songs!

My songs are sweet and joyous.

I sing about the spring.

My coat is blue.

It is like a bit of the sky.

There are silver tints

in my tail feathers.

There are silver tints

in my wing feathers, too.

My vest has rosy tints in it.

THE PUZZLE.



If all the world were water,
And that were turned to ink,
What SHOULD we do for food to eat?
What SHOULD we do for drink?

— *Nursery Rhyme.*

THE LITTLE MOUSE.



Once there was a little mouse.

His name was Creepy-Crawly.

He went creeping, creeping,

all through the house.

One day Creepy-Crawly saw a cat.

The cat was asleep—fast asleep.

She was on a braided mat.

Creepy-Crawly saw the braided mat.

Then he saw the cat.

Creepy-Crawly said “Oh, oh, oh!

That is a cat—a big cat!

I am glad she is asleep.

I do not like cats.

I will run home.

Good-bye, old cat!”

The cat did not see Creepy-Crawly.

She did not hear Creepy-Crawly.


She was fast asleep

all the time.




(Paper cutting or brush work.)

SLEEPY BLINKY-WINKY.*

Creepy-Crawly was a mouse, 
Creeping, crawling, through the house.

Blinky-Winky was a cat,
Sleeping on a braided mat.

Creepy-Crawly found the cat,
Fast asleep upon the mat. 

Blinky-Winky did not hear,
Did not know a mouse was near.

Mousie thought he would not stay,
So he softly ran away.

“Cats are bad to mice,” said he,
“And at home I’ll safer be.”



* See preface.

Fie! old Blinky-Winky, fie!
Cats should sleep with but one eye!
Don't you know, you sleepy cat,
That your mother told you that?
Yet, to-day you slept right on;
Never knew the mouse had gone!
Safe are all the mice from you,
For you nothing, nothing, do!
But I'm glad they get away,
For they like to live and play,
Just the same as you or I;—
Blinky-Winky cat, good bye!



EDITH'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

BOSTON, MASS.,

December 10.

Dear, dear Santa Claus,—

Will you please send me
a dolly for Christmas? Just a dolly,
dear, good Santa Claus!

All I want is a dolly.

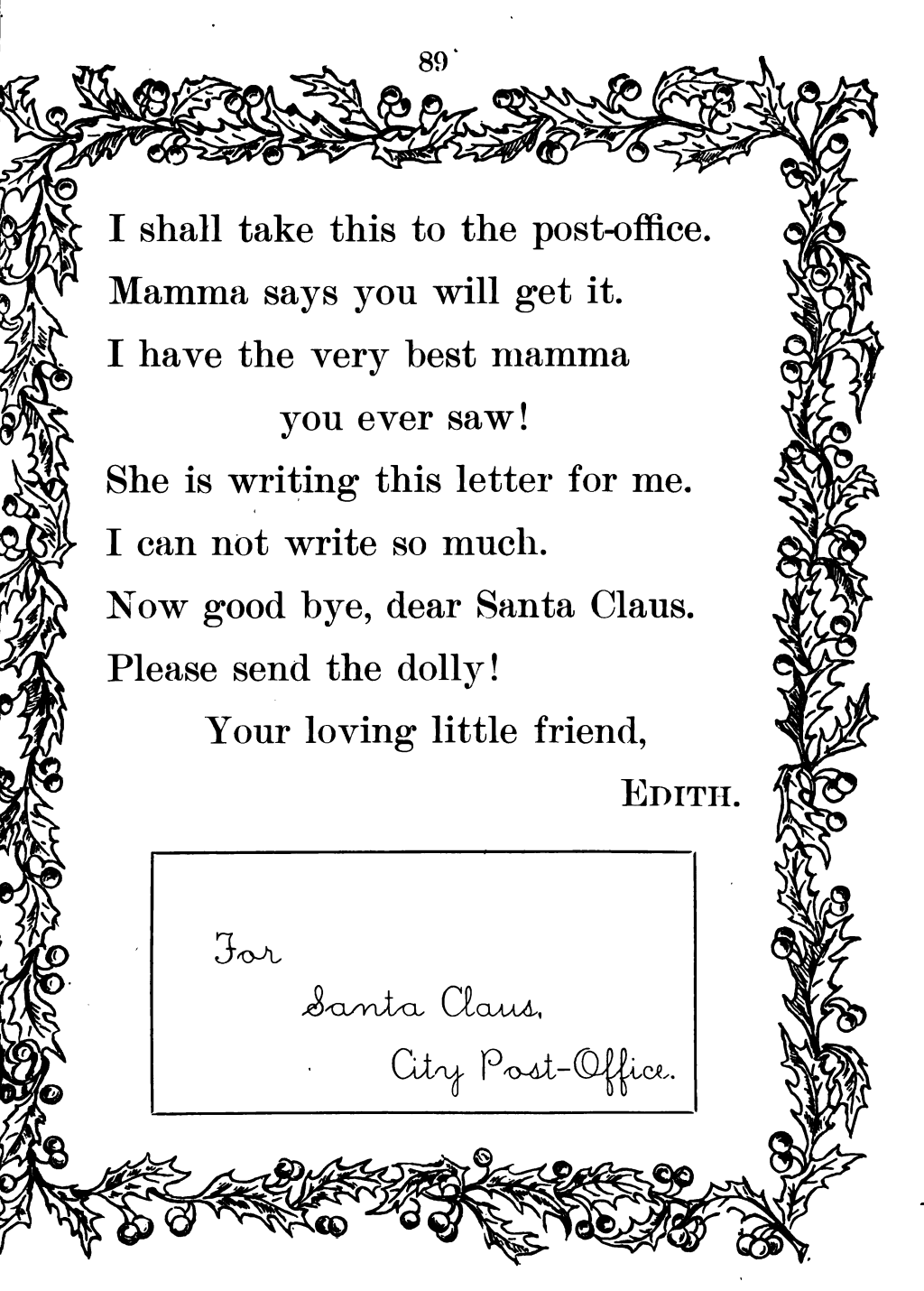
If you send me one for Christmas,
I will love you all my life!

Please pin my name to the doll.

Then I shall be sure it is for me.

And be sure to get the right place!

I live right by the post-office.



I shall take this to the post-office.

Mamma says you will get it.

I have the very best mamma
you ever saw!

She is writing this letter for me.

I can not write so much.

Now good bye, dear Santa Claus.

Please send the dolly!

Your loving little friend,

EDITH.

For

Santa Claus,

City Post-Office.

SANTA CLAUS TO EDITH.

Santa sends you this dear doll
Rather than a letter.
Love her, Edith; all in all,
Santa has no better!

Always kind and always good,
Be, my dear, to dolly;
Finding fault and being rude
Is the worst of folly.

Gently treat her all the time;
Happy be to tend her;
Harshness is next thing to crime,
So, dear child, be tender.

Softly sing and speak but low;
Always be a lady;
That's the way good mothers do
Taking care of baby!



THE GOOD LITTLE MOTHER.

SANTA CLAUS TALKS TO HIMSELF.

I am glad I sent
that doll to Edith!
She is a good child,
a little lady.
I never saw her
angry or rude.
She never
finds fault.



Such things are the worst of folly!
Edith treats her doll so gently!
She is like a good little mother.
To me, harshness is next to a crime.
What a happy time Christmas is!
I am glad I am Santa Claus.
Merry, merry Christmas to all!

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

(To be memorized.)

*C. L. Vogel.*

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs
to His fold,

I should like to have been with Him
then.

I wish that His hands had been placed
on my head,

That His arms had been thrown
around me,

That I might have seen His kind look
when He said,

“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

—*Mrs. Jemima Luke.*



BABY STUART.*



BABY STUART.

— Van Dyck

Dear little Baby Stuart!

This is a fine picture of you.

Who made this beautiful picture?

* See preface.

Dear little prince!

You have beautiful eyes.

Are you looking at the queen?

Who gave you that apple?

Was it the queen?

Do little princes like apples?

What a fine, rich dress you have!

Do you like that rich dress?

Why do you wear that cap?

Do all little princes wear caps?

Poor little man! You can not tell.

You can not talk much.

You are not old enough.

By and by you will talk enough!

Will you say kind words then?

MORE ABOUT BABY STUART *



Good morrow to you, little prince!

Good morrow to your sisters!

Good morrow to Prince Charlie!

Prince Charlie has a fine dog.

Do you like Prince Charlie's dog?

* See preface.

Do you like the little spaniel?

The spaniel likes you, little prince!

By and by you will be a king.

When you are a king, you will not
be called "Baby."

You will be called King James —
King James Second.

Will you be a good king?

Will you say kind words then?

It is hard to tell!

It is hard to be a good king.

You will know that soon enough!

Good bye, little James Second.

Good bye, dear little prince.

Good bye, Baby Stuart, good bye!

WHAT SIX LITTLE BOYS WISHED.

(Use for dramatization.)



I would be a sailor,
Sailing o'er the sea;
Captain of a ship, sir,
Happy would I be!



I would be a doctor,
And I'd cure your ills
With a sunshine tonic,
On the sea or hills!



I would be a soldier!
 With my sword
 and gun,
 I would march to battle,
 To the fife and drum!

I would be a judge, sir,
 With my wig
 and gown;
 If you smiled
 but once, sir,
 You would
 see me frown!





I would be a teacher,
 And I'd make a rule
 Dropping all
 the lessons
 Dreaded by the school!

I would be a farmer,
 Planting all my ground
 So that nuts and apples
 Always could be found!





OLD GLORY

OUR FLAG.

(Seat work. Make flags.)

Look at me, children.

I am your flag.

I stand for your country.

It is a free country, all free.

Do you know your country's name?

See my stars and stripes.

How many stripes have I?

What do my stripes mean?

How many stars have I?

What do my stars mean?

See my beautiful colors.

The red says: "Be brave."

The white says: "Be pure."

The blue says: "Be true."

Some call me "The Stars and Stripes."

Some call me "The Red, White and Blue."

Soldiers call me "Old Glory."

Take off your hats when you see me.

Hurrah! for "The Stars and Stripes!"

Hurrah! for "The Red, White and Blue!"

Hurrah! for "Old Glory!"

THE FLAG GOES BY.

"Hats off!

Along the street there comes

A sound of fifes, a sound of drums,

A flash of color beneath the sky;

Hats off!

The flag goes by."

THE WINDMILL.



“Blow, wind, blow, and go, mill, go,

That the miller may grind his corn ;

Then the baker may take it,

And into cakes make it,

And bring us some hot in the morn.”

THE STORY OF THE FAN.

Good morning, children.

It is very warm to-day.

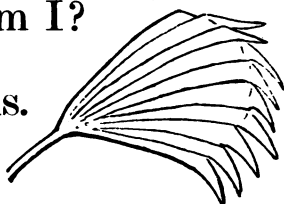
I will cool your cheeks for you.

I am a fan, you see.

What kind of a fan am I?

Once I looked like this.

I was a large leaf.

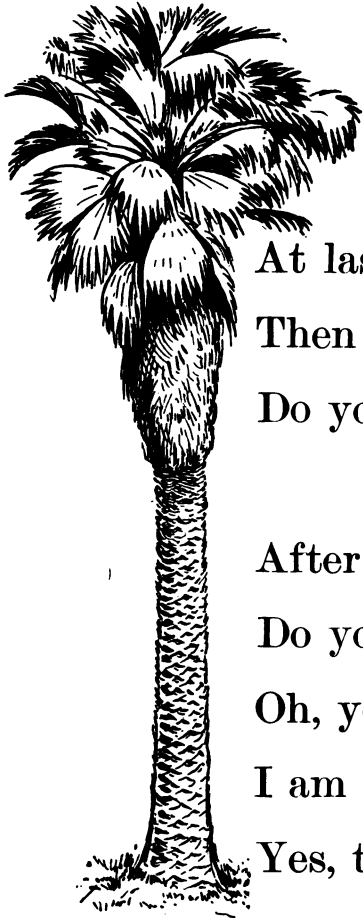


The leaf grew on a palm tree.

The palm tree had other leaves.

All were large and had long points
at the edge.

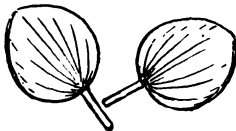
The points looked a little
like very, very long fingers.



This shows
how a fan palm tree
looks.

At last I was cut from the tree.
Then all my points were cut off.
Do you see what they did
to my edge?
After all that I was a fan.
Do you know the kind now?
Oh, you all know, do you?
I am a palm leaf fan, am I?
Yes, that is right.

(Seat work. Draw or cut fans.)



GOOD CHILDREN STREET.

(Memory gem, dramatization, and word study.)



See, here comes an army
with guns painted red,

And swords, caps, and plumes
of all sorts;

The captain rides gaily
and proudly ahead



On a stick-horse
that prances and snorts!



Oh, legions of soldiers
you're certain to meet—



Nice make-believe soldiers—
in Good Children Street.

— *Eugene Field.*
(Abridged.)

MEMORY GEMS.

“Child, keep every happy thought
which Heaven sends.”

He that built all things is God.

— *Bible.*

God's in His heaven—

All's right with the world!

— *Robert Browning.*

Good is good always and everywhere.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

Love is sunshine, hate is shadow.

— *Longfellow.*

Little maiden, little man,

Be as pleasant as you can;

For a naughty word, they say,

Changes sunny skies to gray.

“Love is always busy;
God works over all.”

Let brotherly love continue.

— *Bible.*

Whoever would eat the kernel
must crack the nut.

— *Danish Proverb.*

The Lord is good to all
and His tender mercies
are over all His works.

— *Bible.*

Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in;—
Lend a hand!

— *Edward Everett Hale.*

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

(See latest edition Webster's International Dictionary.)

A

ā as in gāte
 ă as in cǎp
 ȁ as in ask
 ǎ as in stār
 ȁ as in what
 ȁ as in ball
 â as in châr
 ă as in sen'ate

E

ē as in ēve
 ě as in gĕt
 ě as in hĕr
 ê as in whêre
 ê as in ěnough'
 e as in eight

I

ī as in five
 ĭ as in ĭt
 ī as in ma chīne'
 ĭ as in ĭde'al

O

ō as in gō
 ǒ as in lǒt
 ȯ as in ȯth'er
 ȯ as in wȯlf
 ȯ as in dȯ
 ô as in stôrk
 ô as in ô blige'
 ōō as in mōōn
 ȯȯ as in gȯȯd
 ou as in count
 ow as in now
 oi as in soil

U

ū as in tūbe
 ŭ as in cŭp
 ȳ as in pŭll
 ȳ as in rŭde
 û as in būrn
 ŭ as in ŭ nique'

G

g as in ġet
 ġ as in ġem

Y

ȳ as in mȳ
 ȳ as in cit'ȳ

C—CH

e as in ȳat
 ċ as in ċent
 ch as in child
 eh as in ehord
 ċh as in ċhaise

S

s as in same
 ſ as in haſ

N

n as in not
 n (ng) as in un'cle

X

x (ks) as in expect'
 x̄ (gz) as in ex̄ist'

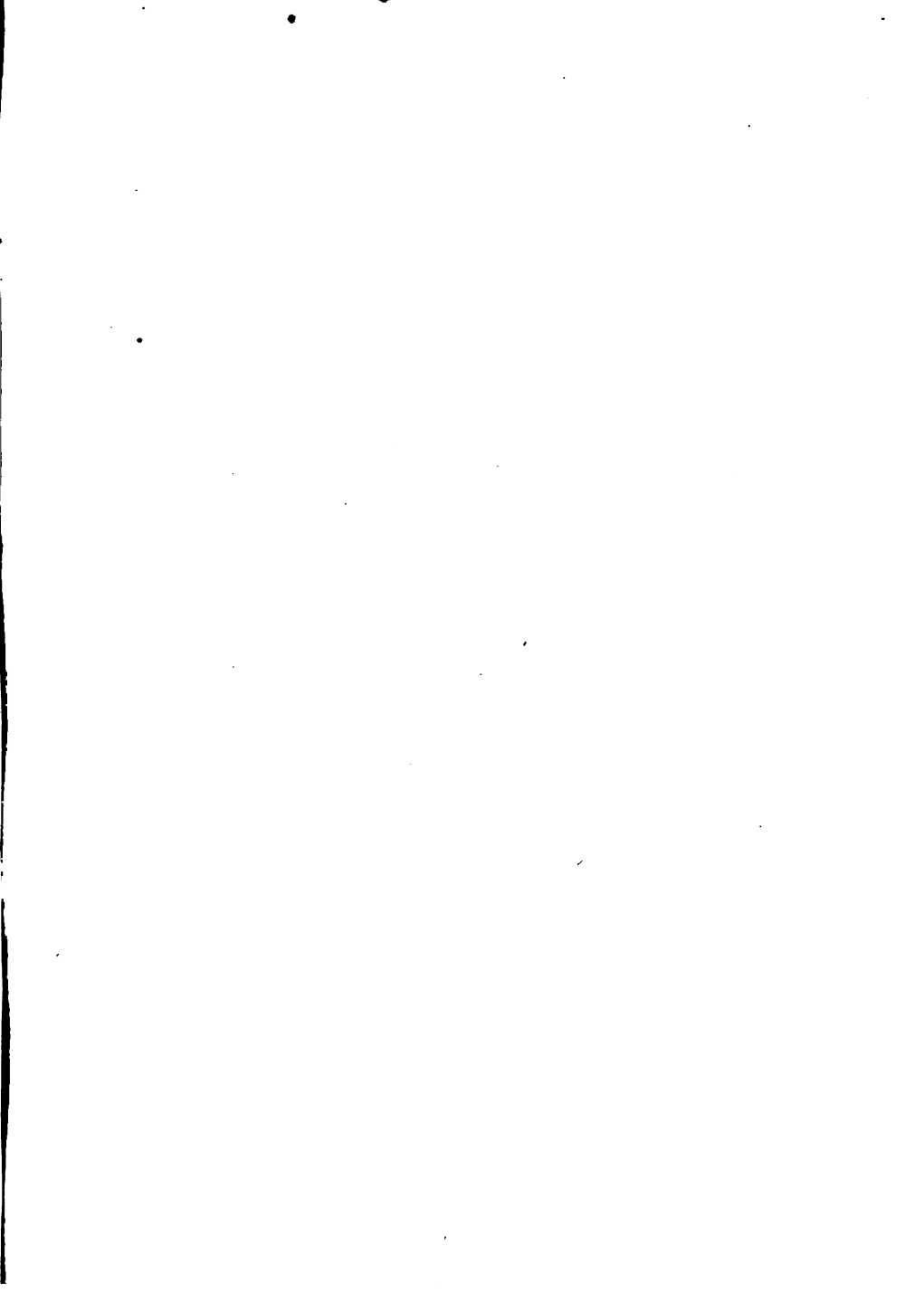
F

f as in farm
 f (v) as in of

PH

ph (f) as in Phil'ip

This Key to Pronunciation is for reference and will cover all ordinary cases. The pupils should gradually be taught the use of the diacritical marks, but need not complete this work before Book III. is reached.



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